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Mistborn Battle

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Chapter 1 by Joshua T

I saw my enemy round the corner, and I knew I needed to react. Thinking quickly, I flared iron and steel, and faint, blue lines appeared, connecting to metals nearby. Ironpulling, a doornail flew towards me, then, turning, I Steelpushed it at my enemy who deflected the nail easily.

Then I pulled out my pack of coins. This was going to get interesting.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The coins grew sharp under my draw, flinging out of my hands like small butterflies. As expected, my assailant dodged them flawlessly. I grinned through my mask.

"You have learned well, Raccoon."

He did not respond, instead speaking with his withdrawn knives. They poised at my throat, but did not cut. I swiped them away with my arm. I did not need his pity. But before I could prove so with my artillery, he disappeared into the night. A small knife remained stuck in the ground. I picked it up, inspecting the handle.

What I saw shocked me.

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Chapter 3 by aburton

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Shock and surprise burned hot like the steel in my stomach. It was the Lady Heir's dagger! This couldn't be, yet I held it in my hand. It was rumored to have been destroyed in her fight at Kredik Shaw. There were also rumors of her still being alive, but rumors couldn't be trusted.

I shook myself back to reality and flared tin. I let my guard down, stupid! I searched the night, looking for Raccoon. Where did he go? I concentrated on my senses and searched my surroundings. The stars spilled light into the streets and lit the buildings like it was midday. A dog barked far in the distance. A drain pipe leaked with a steady drip and it sounded like a drum in my chest.

I burned steel and watched for any moving lines. Raccoon wouldn't be that stupid to keep metal on him. How did he get a hold of the dagger? I've studied and learned everything about Kelsier's crew. I knew their weapons and their talents. No one thought they could pull it off yet everyone secretly hoped they would.

A blue line suddenly increased in thickness and started to shrink in length. Steel pushing on a streetlamp, I threw myself out of the way, bouncing and burning pewter to absorb the impact of my awkward tumbling.

Raccoon came out of no where. If it wasn't for the pewter, he would have cracked my ribs to splinters with his punch. I choked out a gasp of pain and took a defensive stance just as he attacked again, This time I was ready.

He attacked with amazing strength, but burning pewter gave me the ability to match him. He wasn't fast, but he was strong. I slowly gave way as I defended each attack. I was focused and balanced, he was single minded and angry. This was always his weakness.

"You've learned well, Raccoon, but it's not good enough." I said as I deflected a series of punches aimed for my heart.

"You are weak, Jax. No wonder he threw you out," Raccoon rasped with hatred.

Burning iron, I searched for nearby sources of metal while defending Raccoon's onslaught. He was never very good at burning iron. He was too single minded, too obsessed with what was in front of him.

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A metal grate protecting a window. perfect. I dodged and twisted his next two attacks, positioning Raccoon between the window grate and myself. I let him hit me twice in the ribs, Lord Ruler that hurt! He was growing more confident and that's what I needed to happen.

"You are a weak, Jax. Give up."

I blocked and counter attacked, it wasn't as strong, but it stirred his anger. That's when I flared my iron in a single burst and pulled on the iron grate. Wood and glass exploded as the grate flew towards Raccoon, hitting him in the back of the head. It was enough to force him down to his knees.

I immediately swallowed the pill of iron I had in the side of my mouth and flared it again. I pulled on everything i could find. Moving around raccoon I kept objects coming at him from every direction. It was too much for him to continue his attack. He snarled and yelled and managed to steel push himself up into the night.

"This isn't over, Jax!" I heard him off in the distance. "What you won will soon be over!"

I kept burning tin and waited many minutes to make sure he was finally gone. During the fight I realized I dropped the dagger. When I got back to the spot where I thought I dropped it, I couldn't find it. Lord Ruler! There was someone else here.

I have to stop using the Lord Ruler's name, he is dead.

I didn't take any chances, I flared pewter and made a mad dash for the tavern. I had to tell the others.

Chapter 4 by Cameron scott



Your opponent burns atium.

I dashed back through the mists, barely even disturbing the ghastly miasma. With the dagger gone, I burned tin, but could detect nothing. No body stepped forward to greet or challenge me.

Not sensing anything particular on my iron lines, I stopped to catch my breath and released my pewter.

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Immediately, I began coughing. I felt my chest tighten, as if I had inhaled a broken at least one rib, if not more. For a few minutes, my pewter felt like it was being pulled apart, like a tangled web of orange, intertwining pattern of the dagger.

After a brief panic attack, I flared my copper, having forgotten to keep myself concealed in the excitement. Then, flaring tin, I looked around, to see if anyone... or anything... had come looking for me.

Then, directly above me, I heard a cheerful "hello there."

Instincts firing, I Pushed my way across the alley, onto the roof of a small skaa mill. Directly across from me, there stood another dark figure, seemingly undaunted by the surrounding mists. It was not raccoon, but an all too familiar tasseled cloak flowed around him, mingling with the mist.

Mistborn.

Once again, he called out with an inappropriately cheerful voice.

"Now what's a young girl like you doing out this late?" he inquired, "then again, it *is* a nice night."

Without waiting for him to continue, I pulled out a couple of coins and Pushed them at him. Not waiting to see the success of the coins, I jumped down on the other side of the mill and flared pewter. Dashing down the narrow, tunnel-like alley, I shot out onto a larger street and almost directly into him.

Backpedaling, I thought *how did he get here so fast?*

Pushing once again, I cleared the stacked houses, and took off once again over the roofs.

All of a sudden, my anchor coin shot out from under me, and I fell to the street with a thud, only surviving with a flare of pewter. How did he know exactly where my coin was going to be?

Turning to face him, I saw that he has no mask, and he was grinning from ear-to-ear. "Now don't leave just yet, I haven't even learned your name."

"I'm not!" My sharp retort was cut short as his coin pouch nailed me in the chest, pinning me to the wall. I tried to flare steel, but my stomach... I was dry.

Now desperate, I flare the

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Immediately, a swarm of shadowy figures flowed out from the grinning figure, disorienting my already fatigued head. He had atium too, and had been using it all night.

Still pinned to the wall, I could only watch helplessly as he advanced towards me, devilish smile in full display.

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